

Barrow Hospital, 1922

THE LIGHTHOUSE

A LETTER FROM THE FAR NORTH

Here I am all settled, happy and comfortable, nursing in a hospital nearly 7,000 miles from New York City and the only hospital within a radius of hundreds of miles, a hospital in the settlement furthest north and west on the American continent.

I left the Grand Central June 17th at 6:30 P. M. and arrived at the hospital August 22nd at 3:30 A. M. Travelling in any other place than the Arctic region I could have gone around the world in just a little more time.

The trip was interesting from the beginning to the very end. I did hate to leave all my folks and friends for four years, but I'm not at all sorry so far. As I'd never been in a Pullman sleeper everything was new and strange, and watching my fellow passengers and the porter making up the berths sort of kept my thoughts right where I was and didn't let me want to be back home. The strangeness and motion of the train didn't prevent me getting a fine sleep and I was quite ready for the first call for breakfast.

Dr. Limouze, of the Glenville Presbyterian Church, met me at the train in Cleveland and hustled me right over to the church. The train was two hours late and Sunday School had started. Much to my surprise and dismay I was called to talk to the entire Sunday School. Needless to say I have no idea now, nor had five minutes after, what I said to them but suppose it was alright. After Sunday School I went to church and certainly enjoyed the sermon. When church was over I had to stand at the door and meet the people who are all very much interested in this mission and hospital and are making it possible for the board to send me here and keep me here four years. I stayed at a beautiful home on Lake Erie the two days I was in Cleveland. Dr. Snell called me up and I had a nice gossip about old times at the "Met." Both he and Mrs. Snell were at the station to see me off.

The train didn't leave until 11:45 and I lost no time in getting to sleep and woke up the next morning in Chicago where I had a two day stop-over to see "Met." people there. The first thing I did was call up Dr. York and after getting my room and baggage attended to I went out to see him and his wife. Any one who has ever been on the island is always interested in knowing who is still there and what changes have been made. We just talked and talked all the afternoon, recalling funny incidents, broken rules and romances of the year 1918-1919 when he was an interne and my class were juniors. The next day I went out to Morgan Park to see Dr. and Mrs. Marley. I knew Mrs. Marley as Miss Pedersen during my probation and early junior days. They have the dearest little boy whom I just had a good time playing with. The train for Seattle wouldn't wait for me to make my visit anything but a very short one and I had to do some hustling to get to the station in time.

The three day trip on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. was full of new and interesting experiences. There were people from all over the country, and in train 52, the train I was in, were a lawyer and a doctor from Seattle, a woman delegate from Oregon who had been to some missionary convention in Pittsburgh, a nurse from Iowa going to the nurses' con-

*The Lighthouse: Alumni News of the
Metropolitan Hospital School of Nursing*

wright, so back we went and then headed north with the teacher and his wife added to our family. The next day we anchored at Teller, where we had to stay two days on account of a terrific storm. As usual I was seasick, but only for about ten hours. We crossed the Arctic Circle August 8th at 3:30 P. M. and the next day we anchored off Cape Blossom, four miles from Kotzebue. The Santimiers got off there on their day to Noorvik, and the "Bear" went on as soon as they were unloaded. At every village the natives came aboard to trade bits of ivory, muckluks and other things for gum, candy, foodstuffs and calico. The captain always gave them coffee and something to eat. Our natives are so much cleaner than the Siberian and King Island natives. The evening of the 10th we reached Point Hope; it was raining and dismal yet forty-three natives came aboard in one skin boat or "oomiak." The next day, as we "left Hope behind," we saw beautiful mirages and cloud effects, and struck the ice fields that afternoon. It was a wonderful sight—the huge white glistening pieces of new ice and the beautiful blue old glacial ice. We didn't make much headway because the ice would get too thick and dangerous, and the captain would have to turn the boat back and out of it again. We had expected to arrive at Wainwright the day after we left Point Hope, but it took us a week to make the distance on account of the ice. The "Bear" stayed there two days and then went on to Barrow, which is only seventy miles by water, though one hundred and twenty miles by dog team overland. It took us four days to make that seventy miles and we passed three schooners caught in the ice. Captain Cochran was quite proud of being the first ship in sight of Barrow. We were in sight of Barrow the morning of the 21st. There was at least six miles of shore ice between Barrow and the "Bear" so the captain just tied up to the ice and waited till the school teacher and some natives came aboard. They had walked across the ice as it was too rough for dog teams to go over. They said there was a break in the ice about ten miles east that small boats could go through. The captain started east but the wind had changed and the ice had closed up again, so he had to turn back. In the meantime fog had settled so thick that although the officer on the bridge tried to locate the place we had left he could not, and we had to tie up any where. The school teacher and the natives were going to walk back even though you couldn't see your hand ahead of you. Captain Cochran said if I wanted to be sure of getting to the hospital I'd better go with them because if the wind changed the wrong way he was going back to Wainwright. The school teacher going out from Wainwright and the storekeeper from there decided to walk to Barrow, too, so off we started at 10:30 P. M. I had my knickers and gum boots on, so was all set for a hike; also had my "ahtega" as it was rather cold. After a few minutes I find out I didn't need anything to keep me warm but something to cool me off as it was rather strenuous work getting over the ice. One of the Eskimos, Andy, carried my ahtega on his back the rest of the way. It was no time before we had lost sight of the "Bear" and seemed to be wandering in the fog. George was leader, and the natives' sense of direction is almost uncanny, or it seems so to me. The only safe way was to follow in the leader's footsteps, which I was constantly told to do. The ice is very treacherous and there were large cracks and pools that had to be either jumped or gone around. It certainly was a queer procession across the ice, the natives with their colored snow shirts and packs of mail on their backs, and we three passengers from the "Bear" trailing along as best we might. We went for over an hour before the fog lifted, and much to my surprise we were going in the right direction leaving the "Bear" far behind. The trip was not at all monotonous; sometimes we

were on a flat stretch of clear snow, then we'd have to climb a big block of ice, or have to jump across a big break and sometimes just slide down a hill. The sky was beautiful and I wanted to stop and look at it but was having too much to do to keep my feet going in the right direction. After about three hours of steady going I was stiff and tired but the beach was in sight and there was nothing to do but go on. I noticed when we stopped that the natives would lie flat on the ice near a pool of water and wondered what they were doing until Mr. Allen, the storekeeper, asked me if I didn't want a drink of water, too, so I followed their example. Not a very dignified pose to be sure, lying flat on the ground, breaking a hole through the thin ice that had formed during the night (it was morning by then), and sucking the water up through the hole. It was mighty good water, even if I did nearly freeze my nose on the ice, and the heat of my body melted the snow so that when I got up the front of my middy, my tie and my knickers froze. Toward the end of the journey we had to wade through streams that had bumpy ice at the bottom, and I know from experience that there are easier, less dangerous kinds of wading. A slip meant an icy bath. I was very stiff and sore, yet had to take running broad jumps over big cracks in the ice. It was lots of fun, and I'll never forget that trip nor how good the hospital looked after five hours of going over the ice. We reached the hospital at 3:30 A. M. and the sky had the most gorgeous colors, too beautiful to describe.

The sight of a white, modern-looking building from across the lagoon in the glorious sunrise was an agreeable surprise to me. I had expected a nice building, but what I had seen of the buildings in Nome and other towns along the way I had no idea it would be as big and modern appearing as it did. Helen and Mrs. Eide, two native helpers in the hospital, were on the porch, and as I painfully climbed the stairs I explained who and what I was. The mail had not gotten in yet, and although Miss Dakin was hoping for a nurse she had not expected one to come across the ice fields. Miss Dakin was awake and came right out and began making me as comfortable as possible. I was so happy to get here that I didn't mind my stiffness at all until I got into bed and tried to move. Later in the day I did manage to get around some. The wind changed the right way and the "Bear" came in nearer, so the natives could get out to her in boats and bring in the mail and some supplies, also my baggage (I'd come across the ice without even a toothbrush), and the people who were going out were able to reach her.

I just wish you people back home could see this hospital way off up here. I'm just as comfortable as I'd be at home and it's so much quieter, no elevated trains, crowded streets, riots and strikes, and best of all no telephone to call you all the way from fourth division. Unless I think of the long time between mails I can't realize I'm so far away. There is a cellar above ground, main floor, and attic. On the main floor are three two-bedded rooms and a three-bedded one for native patients, a single one if we should have a white patient, a big laundry, kitchen, dining-room, operating-room, dispensary, small room where Helen, the helper, sleeps and Miss Dakin's and my room. Then there is a storeroom where the tank for the ice is kept. All our water is melted ice. There is a big tank connected with the kitchen range so we have hot water all day. The hospital is lighted by electricity (Delco system) and is heated by two pipeless furnaces; only one of them is needed now to keep the place warm and comfortable. Of course we dress warmer than we would in the States. Helen does the cooking, washing and ironing

very well, but has to be supervised. Little Nellie, whose folks are East, helps with the work some. Foster, another native, is our janitor, and the three of them are very good.

Miss Dakin, a Kings County Hospital graduate, has been up here a year and is as nice as she can be. There certainly is plenty of work for two nurses. We had three dear little kiddies with pneumonia who would have died but for hospital care. We are filled up now, September 7th. and are kept sort of busy. This work is so worth while and I do like the natives very much.

I had only intended writing about my trip, but like the hospital and the work so much I could write on and on. I'm sure I'm going to like it better as time goes on and will be sorry when my four years are up. These people do need so much help, both physical and spiritual, if we ever hope to have good American citizens up in Northern Alaska.

AUGUSTA MUELLER, '20.

TROUBLE

Sure this world is full of trouble—
 I ain't said it ain't.
 Lord! I've had enough and double
 Reason for complaint.
 Rain and storm have come to fret me,
 Skies were often gray;
 Thorns an' brambles have beset me
 On the way—but, say,
 Ain't it fine today?

What's the use of always weepin',
 Makin' trouble last?
 What's the use of always keepin'
 Thinkin' of the past?
 Each must have his tribulation,
 Water with his wine.
 Life, it ain't no celebration.
 Trouble? I've had mine—
 But today is fine.

It's today that I am livin',
 Not a month ago.
 Havin', losin', takin', givin',
 As time wills it so.
 Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
 Fell across the way:
 It may rain again tomorrow,
 It may rain—but say,
 Ain't it fine today?

DOUGLAS MALLOCK.

He Took Charge



(By Associated Press)
Dr. Henry W. Griest, director of the Presbyterian Hospital at Point Barrow, who took charge of the bodies of the victims, is shown with his wife and their son at the isolated station.



Here is a picture of the Rogers family taken about the time Will had begun his climb to fame as a humorist and philosopher. His wife, Betty, was the perfect mate, saying, "I take care of the children and let Will manage his own affairs." The family (l. to r.), Will Jr., Mrs. Rogers, Will Sr., Mary and James.



All dressed in their Arctic parkas, Dr. Henry W. Greist and his wife and son, who live at Point Barrow, Alaska, are taking care of the bodies of Rogers and Post until Joe Crosson comes by plane for them. Dr. Greist is the famous "polar doctor" figuring in previous news stories. Picture from International News Photograph Service.

filled stream. Has he a trained, discerning mind? Read the proof in his reports, models of condensation and comprehension, complete in detail, shorn of every unnecessary word.

The natives had not neglected the essential task. They had cut into the wreck and extricated the body of ROGERS. Sergeant MORGAN reports that to free that of POST was "a difficult job." Then, decently wrapped, the corpses are laid in the boat. And what nobler, more fitting requiem could man have than that native crew's chant of their traditional hymn for the honored dead? All the long trip to Point Barrow they intoned their praise and sorrow. Their tribute will not be outdone in solemn appropriateness by any that sorrowing friends will pay.

Yet the tale is not complete. At Point Barrow are Doctor GREIST, the Presbyterian medical missionary, and Mr. BROWER to perform the last necessary offices. Then appears that central figure of many strange stories of the Arctic, JOE CROSSON, "Ace Pilot of the Far North"—REX BEACH says "JOE is the fellow who always went after WILEY up here when he got in trouble"—and ROBERT GLEASON, the radio operator, to pilot their friends on the long trip out. Exhausted, they reach Fairbanks, anxious not to rest but to fly on to their destination.

Throughout this record one thing remains constantly impressive: there is no lack of manhood. In technically minded POST and sophisticated ROGERS, in the primitive native runner, in the disciplined soldier, in the man with the degree in medicine, in the commercial flyer, in the radio operator who journeys with him, nothing is disclosed that suggests the weakening of the human body, the human mind, or the human heart. Even in the face of mechanization, let us not utterly despair of the human being.

among the municipalities.

Men Emerge. N.Y. 8-19-34

Mechanization of the world, it is contended by some, softens man. Initiative is blunted, self-dependence declines, resourcefulness is sapped: so goes the chorus of pessimists. Yet emergencies bring to light men fully equipped by character to overcome their difficulties. By supplanting sail has steam robbed the world of sailors sturdy in fiber, skilled in seamanship? A Fried and his crew answer "No" when the call for help is sent out over the storm-lashed waters.

There was no man-failure when POST and ROGERS went to their death. What accident to machine sent them crashing after an expert landing in a strange and difficult spot may never be known; it may be that a hidden obstacle in the bed of the shallow stream in which POST brought down his plane to ask directions weakened a part of its structure.

The men are dead, but men still remain. A native—not even a suggestion of a name distinguishes him—saw the crash, heard the explosion, and fright filled him. He ran from the spot—but reason soon resumed its place. This Eskimo knew only that tragedy which must be made known to others had befallen strangers near his home fifteen or more miles south of Point Barrow. He "ran all the way" to gasp his message to Staff Sergeant STANLEY R. MORGAN, Signal Corps, U. S. A., who there is the Law. A man of parts, this MORGAN: his warrant certifies him physically, technically and in character, for moral, mental and bodily weaklings do not become staff sergeants. False, distorted tales—they are plenty among simple folk—have sharpened in him power of a penetrative mind, not dulled willingness to seek the grain of fact in the chaff of misinterpreted phenomena. Has he strength? Read the answer in the trip of the open boat against the powerful current of an ice-

HOSPITAL GETS AID IN PELHAM

Alaskan Refuge for Rogers,
Post Bodies, Benefited
By Sunday School

(Special To The Daily Argus)

PELHAM MANOR, Aug. 19. —

Pupils of the Huguenot Memorial Church Sunday School, Pelham Manor, have been supporting one of the nine beds in the Point Barrow, Alaska, Hospital, whose physician, Dr. Henry W. Griest, cared for the bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post, it was revealed today.

Funds from this school have contributed to the tiny hospital's support for many years, it was learned through church executives. In an influenza epidemic last year, Dr. Griest, who is the only physician and who conducts the only hospital within miles of Point Barrow, cared for several hundred patients, including Eskimos and whites, at the Presbyterian Mission Hospital at Point Barrow.

Mc. Vann Argus 8/19/35

Alaska
Action Press Clipping Bureau

8 BRIDGE STREET
New York City

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AUG 17 1935
JOURNAL

NEW YORK CITY

PLANE CRASHED IN WILDEST ALASKA.

Son of Doctor Attending
Victims Describes
Barren Plains

Wiley Post and Will Rogers crashed in the wildest Alaskan country. The following description by David B. Greist, 17, son of the Point Barrow physician whose crude hospital received the bodies of Post and Rogers is presented exclusively by Universal Service. Greist is now a student in New York City.

By DAVID B. GREIST.

The deaths of Wiley Post and Will Rogers were a great tragedy and probably caused no greater sorrow any place than right in Point Barrow.

I know what a shock it must have been, because I know how my family and the eight other white

people of the village used to welcome the visits of outsiders.

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh and Anne Lindbergh stayed at our little house, up there, for a week on their flight to Japan three years ago. Admiral Byrd and every other explorer who came through Point Barrow also stopped with us. It was always a great event in the village when any of these rare visitors came through.

VISIONS SORROW.

This is the first time a tragedy of this kind has ever occurred at the town and I can well picture the awed sorrow of the Eskimos.

There are about 250 to 300 Eskimos in the town and only eight or nine white people. My father, Dr. Henry W. Greist, is the only doctor within a radius of a thousand miles. He is the only minister, being pastor of three churches.

It has been a tragic year up there. In the Spring my father wrote of the terrible influenza epidemic in which so many Eskimos died. There was not enough wood for coffins. Wood is very scarce there as there are no trees. It is a country of rough plains and small lakes. There is nothing much on the ground except tundra.

All the planes that go up to Point Barrow have to land on the water, or along the beach of the Arctic, because there is no land around smooth enough.

THERE SINCE 1921.

The Eskimos hunt and trap during the Winter and when the traders make their regular trips to the town, trade in their seal furs for clothing, food and ammunition. Everybody lives on reindeer. The Eskimos keep domestic herds. Blubber oil from whales provide the only fuel we use.

My father was stationed in Point Barrow by the Presbyterian Board of National Missions in 1921 and has been there ever since. He was originally from Crawfordsville, Ind. I was there from the time I was two, until last Fall.

File

THE POINT BARROW MISSION



CHURCH, MANSE AND HOSPITAL AT BARROW

SINCE the white man came to this north land he has exploited the natives. He began by ravaging their women, transmitting a disease far more dreadful in its results to posterity than tuberculosis, both being intensified and much harder to cure when combined. Many have been and are the women with loathsome sores, far too many still-births, and incompetents. One child born this year was without the top of his head. One woman has had two children, both of them losing their minds before they were a year old. There are too many blind people here for the number of inhabitants. One little girl now only four years old, is afflicted with the same trouble and liable to lose her sight. One boy is paralyzed from the same cause. When you see all these things it makes your heart ache and I cannot tell it all."

Letters like the above from Dr. Frank H. Spence, medical missionary at Barrow, Alaska, from 1916 to 1921, were the occasion for starting the Point Barrow Hospital, which has been completed and stands as a notable achievement of the Presbyterian Church. But behind such letters were thirty years of heroic work of as fine a band of missionaries as ever braved hardship on a mission field. For it was thirty years ago that Professor L. M. Stevenson responded to the call of Sheldon Jackson and opened this most northerly mission in the world. The school he started is now a government institution. There are two church buildings, twelve miles apart. In both services are held

every Sunday of the year—even when the temperature is thirty degrees below zero and there is no fuel—prayer meeting every Wednesday evening, and intermediate and Junior Christian Endeavor every Wednesday afternoon. *All of these are attended by all the people in the village except the sick.* Two years ago Dr. Spence wrote: "Only one joined the church this Easter because every one who could had already joined."

The new hospital is the only one within a radius of more than five hundred miles. The needs it serves are almost incredible. The Eskimos live in igloos generally of one small room each, two or more families to an igloo. There is little light and less ventilation. When one remembers that in almost every igloo one or more have died of tuberculosis, and children are being born and brought up in close proximity to people now sick with tuberculosis, it is understandable why so many Eskimos are dying from that dread disease. Their ignorance is appalling. They are only thirty years removed from heathenism. The hospital is essential, not only for effective medical work but for the very salvation of these people from extinction.

Dr. Henry W. Griest, an Indiana ruling elder, recently ordained as a teaching elder, is superintendent, succeeding Dr. Spence, who after years of brave and effective work is now brought back to the "States" to enlist interest and support for this medical and spiritual ministry to the Eskimos.

The Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York City

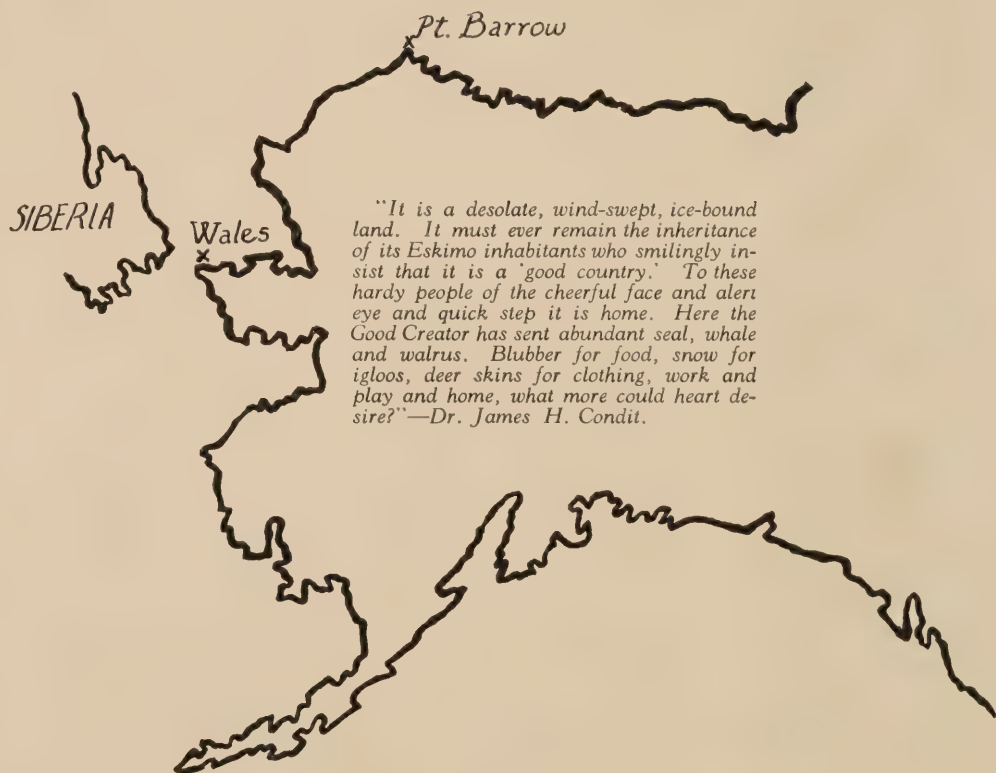
FROM THE MISSION NEAREST THE NORTH POLE

*Dr. and Mrs.
Frank H. Spence*

*Recently returned
from their medical and
spiritual ministry among
the Eskimos at
Point Barrow, Alaska.
They have a thrilling
story to tell.
Don't miss the opportunity
to hear them.*



Farthest North and Farthest West



*with
The Presbyterian Church*



THE FIRST PATIENT FOR THE NEW HOSPITAL



CHURCH, MANSE AND HOSPITAL AT BARROW



OFF FOR BARROW WITH A LOAD OF MEDICINES



THE U. S. S. "BEAR"

FARTHEST NORTH

"SINCE the white man came to his north land he has exploited the natives. He began by ravaging their women, transmitting a disease far more dreadful in its results to posterity than tuberculosis, both being intensified and much harder to cure when combined. Many have been and are the women with loathsome sores, far too many still-births, and incompetents. One child born this year was without the top of his head. One woman has had two children, both of them losing their minds before they were a year old. There are too many blind people here for the number of inhabitants. One little girl now only four years old, is afflicted with the same trouble and liable to lose her sight. One boy is paralyzed from the same cause. When you see all these things it makes your heart ache and I cannot tell it all."

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A Year's Service at Point Barrow Hospital for Your Dollars

| | |
|---------|-------------------------|
| \$3,500 | = fuel |
| 2,000 | = salary of doctor |
| 2,000 | = groceries |
| 900 | = salary of a nurse |
| 625 | = medical supplies |
| 300 | = salary of housekeeper |
| 100 | = essential small items |
| 100 | = bandages and gauze |
| 50 | = disinfectants |
| 20 | = absorbent cotton |

buildings, twelve miles apart. In both services are held every Sunday of the year—even when the temperature is thirty degrees below zero and there is no fuel—prayer meeting every Wednesday evening, and intermediate and Junior Christian Endeavor every Wednesday afternoon. *All of these are attended by all the people in the village except the sick.* Two years ago Dr. Spence wrote: "Only one joined the church this Easter because every one who could had already joined."

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Dr. Henry W. Greist, an Indiana ruling elder, recently ordained as a teaching elder, is superintendent, succeeding Dr. Spence, who retires after years of brave and effective work. Miss Florence Dakin, of New York City, who saw war service in France, is head nurse. With them are associated a housekeeper and caretaker, both of whom are Eskimos. It is the plan to receive native young women as apprentice nurses.



S. S. "HERMAN" WITH THE HOSPITAL MATERIALS



ESKIMO OOMIAKS OR SKIN BOATS



A PARALYZED ESKIMO AT BARROW



SOD IGLOO



SOME OF THE LEADING CITIZENS AT BARROW



LITTLE DIOMEDE ISLAND

FARTHEST WEST

The mission farthest west on the American continent among the Eskimos is at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska. Dr. Greist, now at Point Barrow, was transferred from Wales, leaving that important field unmanned. In spite of the fact that he had just completed the organization of a church at Wales and that Wales is located in a strategic position to do further missionary work among the needy Eskimos on the Siberian Coast, the difficulties in securing a successor for Dr. Greist and the necessary funds to carry on his work there, were so great that the Board considered surrendering this field.

On hearing this news Dr. Greist wrote: "No, no, no, we must not surrender that field! The Wales Mission has a great future before it if we but do our duty. If we should inaugurate a small hospital, families from both up and down the coast as well as from the Diomedes would make Wales their home. During the last quarter of my pastorate there I had as many as 200 at church more than once. The truth is, the people were *looking up*. It is a wonderfully promising field and one we cannot afford to shirk. With a central station at

Wales and with hospital of modest size (I would guarantee to build and equip it for \$10,000) with room for ten or twelve patients, there is no limit to the amount of good work to be accomplished on that coast. If I could but paint the picture! If I could but present the vision to our Board as I have it! My heart goes out to these people. May the Lord put it into the heart of some one of consecrated mind to donate the means essential to the development of that Mission. I pray daily for these people. They need our Church, our help. Those poor people in Wales! It is not always numbers—God forbid—but the poor and needy, the starving for the Gospel, to these we owe allegiance, be they few or many. Wales is looking to our Church, and *she* has a right to expect continued care and shepherding."

We do not want to say "no" to such an appeal, but in order to say "yes" we must have at least \$15,000 dollars and what is more important we must have a medical missionary of sufficient courage, and skill and devotion to volunteer for this work.



DR. AND MRS. HENRY W. GREIST AND CHILD

THE ESKIMOS

Who are they? The Eskimos are a people, about 30,000 in number, speaking a common language and living along the Arctic coasts all the way from Greenland to Western Alaska and the Siberian shore.

What is their condition? For the most part they are uneducated, uncared for and desperately needy. They have been prey to the white man's diseases and cupidity. They dwell in most unsanitary huts and sod houses and live on fish and flesh. Religiously most of them are pagan and their morals reflect their religion.

What is their importance to the world? No other race can endure the Arctic cold, so the world depends upon the Eskimo to make available the untold riches of minerals, game and fish in which this vast

region abounds and of which the world has need. If for no other reason than self-interest, the development of the Eskimo would be abundantly worth while. For the Christian, there must always be a greater reason—Jesus' law of love and service.

What has the Presbyterian Church to do with the Eskimos? We were the first Church to send missionaries to the Alaskan Eskimos; the first to establish schools and churches among them, and now the first to render a medical service. It was a Presbyterian missionary—Sheldon Jackson—who introduced the reindeer, which has served the purpose of both horse and cow for the Eskimos and has saved them from much hunger and suffering. We are the only Christian body endeavoring to serve and lead the Eskimos at Wales and Barrow to a more abundant life.

The Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York City

U.S.

12/19/46

*My
sister*

ROY AND EMMA OF BARROW, ALASKA



PRIMARY FRIENDSHIP PACK

PAGE FOR GROWN-UPS

BARROW, ALASKA, has a government hospital, a government school, and a Presbyterian church. Children support the work of the church as a Friendship Frontier. About 700 Eskimos live in the village, and they are practically all Presbyterians. Every Sunday they travel a boardwalk famous, not for its tourist crowds, but for its churchgoers. Men, women, children—almost everybody goes to church. Since there is not room for them all on the benches, many of them sit on the floor.

Most of the church members at Barrow are tithers. They give to the Church one tenth or more of everything they earn. Often the offering arrives in strange forms—frozen meat, reindeer hides, fox furs, or lumps of coal.

The minister and his wife are busy people. They call in their neighbors' houses, both new and old fashioned ones, visit the sick at home and in the hospital, help government workers as well as Eskimos, and of course plan Sunday and week-day services. Sometimes the minister goes on preaching missions miles away, traveling by dogteam, airplane, or snowmobile. (He has been known to hold communion with graham crackers for bread and melted jelly for wine.)

The country around Barrow is a treeless tundra. In summer the grass grows fairly tall, but during the long dark winter there is plenty of snow and winds blow fiercely.

It is still hard to get supplies from the outside, and the chief foods of the Eskimos are seal meat and frozen fish, along with occasional whale or bear. All the children need milk. One time some Seabees stationed at Barrow decided to give their milk supply to the children who had tuberculosis. Later church people kept up the good idea. Powdered milk for the children of Barrow is a great help.



Roy and Emma lived in Barrow, Alaska.
It was in the Far North.

Snow was deep in winter, but grass was
green in summer.

Roy and Emma lived in a house made of
wood.

Their mother was busy. She said, "Will
you help me, Emma?"

Emma said, "Yes, mother, when I finish
my frozen fat candy."

Roy was too little to help.



When Emma was small, she was roly-poly like a bear cub.

She held tight to her mother's hand.
Roy rode on his mother's back.

Sometimes he pulled his mother's hair.
She said, "That is all right. It feels good because Roy does it."

Roy's father had a dog team.

The dogs went fast.

Roy said, "Stand still, dogs, and let us take your picture."

The dogs said (so Roy thought), "All right, but hurry."





Roy's friend had a pet.
It was a little polar bear.
Roy and his friend had a funny way to
feed him.
The bear said (so Roy thought), "How
do you manage this thing, anyway?"
Roy said to his friend, "What will you do
when this bear grows up?"
His friend said, "I will let him go wild
again. I hope no hunter shoots him."

Roy's father went on a whale hunt.
The men killed a whale.
When they came home the people in Bar-
row had a party.
They played the toss-in-a-blanket game.
Roy and Emma went to see the game.
Emma said, "Someday when I am big and
old,
I will be tossed in a blanket. I will jump
as high as that woman."





On Sundays Roy and Emma went to church on the boardwalk. Everybody in Barrow went to church on the boardwalk. They took meat, skins, and other things for offering.



Roy and Emma sat on the floor in church. There was no room for them on the seats. There was no room for all the big people, either. There was no room for the choir to go up to the front in a straight line.



The choir sang very well.
They sang praise to God.
Roy and Emma listened well.
Then they listened to Mr. Lee.
Mr. Lee was the preacher.
Roy thought, "When I grow up, I will be
a preacher."

At Christmas time Roy and Emma had fun.

Guess who came to Barrow!

Santa Claus brought presents from children in the States to boys and girls in Barrow.

Roy and Emma said, "Thank you!"



GOODBYE! GOODBYE!



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